For mee, Ile not be gone till I pleaſe my ſelfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly ſurly groome,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee prethee be not angrie,
Kate. I will be angry, what haſt thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. I marrie ſir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridall dinner,
I ſee a woman may be maide a foole
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt,
Pet. They ſhall go forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feaſt, reuell and domineere,
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your ſelues:
But for my bonny-*Kate*, ſhe muſt with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor ſtampe, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuffe, my field my barne,
My horſe, my oxe, my aſſe, my any thing,
And heere ſhee ſtands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, wee are beſet with theeues,
Reſcue thy miſtreſſe if thou be a man:
Feare not ſweete wench, they ſhall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile Buckler thee againſt a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka.*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
Luc. Miſtreſſe, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?
Bian. That being mad herſelfe, ſhe's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride and Bridegroom wants
For to ſupply the places at the table,
You know there wants no iunckets at the feaſt:
Lucentio you ſhall ſupply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſters roome.

Tra.

Tra. Shall ſweete *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?
Bap. She ſhall *Lucentio*: come Gentlemen let's goe.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Maſters, and a
waies: was euer man ſo beaten? was euer man ſo raied? w
man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they ar
ming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, an
hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongu
roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould co
a fire to thaw mee, but I with blowing the fire ſhall war
ſelfe: for conſidering the weather, a taller man then I w
cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls ſo coldly?
Gru. A peece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maiſt ſlide
my ſhoulder to my heele, with no greater a run but my hea
my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.
Cur. Is my maſter and his wife comming *Grumio*?
Gru. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, caſt on no
Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported:
Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this froſt: but thou k
winter tames man, woman, and beaſt: for it hath tam'd m
maſter, and my new miſtris, and my ſelfe fellow *Curtis*.
Cur. Away you three inch foole, I am no beaſt.
Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot a
long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire or ſhall I
plaine on thee to our miſtris, whoſe hand (ſhe being no
hand) thou ſhalt ſoone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being
in thy hot office.
Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the w
Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, and t
fore fire: doe thy dutie, and haue thy dutie, for my Maſte
miſtris are allmoſt frozen to death.
Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the n
Gru. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as thou
Cur. Come, you are ſo full of conicatching.
Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme
Where's the Cooke, is ſupper readie, the houſe trim'd, r